

Millennial Star

December, 1949



Merry Christmas to all . . .
and to all . . .
a good night.

A Christmas Light

By Charles L. Welling

I think that there should be a light
To shine but once a year
Up over Santa's busy shop
When Christmas Eve draws near.

A light that reaches every home,
That brightens up the night,
To help the nimble elves prepare
Their master for his flight.

A light to shine on every child,
To see their heart's desire—
To see that on each tiny hearth
There glows a Christmas fire.

A light that to each helper means
As long as it is bright,
Another want to satisfy,
A heart to be made light.

And later on when Santa Claus
Has finished with his route,
Then God could see the work was done,
And He could turn it out.



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Millennial Star



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— CONTENTS —

The Greatness Of Jesus—by Alma Sonne - - - -	370
There Is But One Way—by Selvoy J. Boyer - - - -	372
A Gift For Her King—by Martin C. Nalder - - - -	374
I Know Him Well—by Michael J. Bennett - - - -	376
No Room at the Inn—by Homer J. Williamson - - - -	379
Pattern For Joy—by Robert E. Riggs - - - -	380
The Way To Peace—by Wallace G. Bennett - - - -	382
Christmas Around The World - - - -	384
One Pair Of Shoes—by Patricia Roache - - - -	386
Contest Winners Announced - - - -	387
Seek Ye The Kingdom—by William Flint Dickson - - - -	388
A House—Or A Home—by Loraine Moss - - - -	390
The Children's Page—by Ida Mockli and Faye Clark - - - -	392
The Christmas Covenant—by Andrew F. Demaine - - - -	400
A Christmas Light—by Charles L. Welling - - - -	ii
They Knew Him Not—by Mrs. Marjorie H. Cuthbertson -	iv



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The Greatness of Christ

By Alma Sonne

European Mission President and
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Twelve

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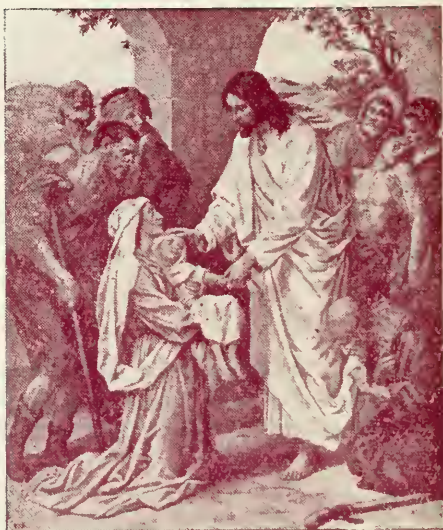
JESUS CHRIST was as great as the Gospel He preached. He was full of grace and truth. The simple and wonderful story of His life is told in the four Gospels, each one of which is a testimony of His divinity. Millions have examined that story and have accepted Him as the outstanding character of human history. There is no one with whom He can properly be compared. Singular and alone He stands towering high above all others, commanding the attention of believer and unbeliever alike.

History has failed to account for the Man of Galilee. He cannot be classified. "I came forth from the Father," He said, and "If ye have seen me ye have seen the Father." These words offer the only explanation which is compatible with His teachings and the demonstrations of His power. Surely He was the Son of God sent to earth to redeem mankind and to point the way of salvation.

Jesus is the miracle of all the centuries which have come and gone since His advent upon the earth. He has been the subject of bitter debate and the controversy will continue until "every knee shall bend and every tongue confess" that Jesus is the Christ. He cannot be eliminated by the fury of those who deny and refuse to believe. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." (Matt. 24: 35) said He, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." (John 12: 32) These statements signify the extent and durability of His teachings. With such astounding declarations He asserted His leadership and proclaimed the importance of His earthly mission.

Opposed by priest and politician, and misunderstood by the common people, He proceeded to lay the foundation upon which God's Kingdom would eventually be estab-

lished. His programme admitted of no compromise. There was to be no deviation from His announced doctrine of love and good will. Love God, love your fellow men and "do good to them that despitefully use you," formed the bed-rock of His plan to save and uplift the human race. His enemies combined against Him and finally subjected Him to the worst form of execution known to the ancient world. It was a signal for His complete annihilation. Its purpose was to destroy His memory, to discredit His claims and to scatter His followers. But how empty, after all, was the victory. Jesus Christ still lives. His spirit is everywhere operating among men, searching out the best there is in a deeply disturbed world. He cannot be expelled by His adversaries however numerous and powerful for His divinity has been revealed and



His truths sufficiently established to withstand evil and to reassure the God-fearing and the righteous.

Jesus was the master of every situation. His words were decisive, His analyses perfect, His wisdom infinite and His answers sufficient. One by one the proud egotists withered and fell before Him. The learning and the sophistry of the worldly-wise perished in the bright light of His presence. His greatness knew no bounds. By the sheer force of His personality He drove the money-changers from the temple. With righteous indignation He rebuked the false teachers of His day and pronounced upon them the most scathing denunciation found in all literature. With great skill and eloquence He instructed the learned Nicodemus in the primary laws of the Gospel. To the discomfiture of a certain lawyer who "stood up" He told the beautiful story of the Good Samaritan as an answer to the question, "Who is my neighbour?" The spies of the chief priest who had been sent to trip and trap Him marvelled when He told them to "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which be Caesar's, and unto God the things which be God's." (Luke 20: 25) Never was an admonition on honesty more timely and fitting.

The Lord's teachings never grow old and commonplace. They come to the world today with the freshness of yesterday. They deal with fundamentals. They have touched the heart of humanity in a way to transform and revolutionise the thinking habits of men and nations. His work carried on by a little group of fishermen, commissioned by Him and trained under His instruction, changed human his-



tory. Tyranny and oppression will eventually give way before His doctrine of equal rights set forth in the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount. Autocrats and dictators cannot survive in a world guided and inspired by the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

What was the secret of Christ's greatness? Was it not His trust in God—His knowledge and understanding of the laws and commandments which had been revealed through the Prophets? He was in constant contact with His Father in Heaven. The Divine Will was manifested in Him. He demonstrated throughout His entire ministry the powerful efficacy of faith. To a distressed father whose son was afflicted He said, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." (Mark 9: 23) Faith characterised the work of the Saviour. It was the spiritual force back of all His achievements . . . the foundation of His greatness.



There is but One Way

“AND when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.” (Matt. 2: 11) History is not sure just who these Wise Men were nor does the short Biblical account, which tells us that they came from the east, give us much information as to their origin. Fiction, however, has created many stories about them, some of which might well come near to the truth. Be this as it may, as we look back over the years, we see that Christendom has caught the spirit of these wealthy strangers and has through the centuries celebrated this day of days with the spirit of charity and love.

The rich gifts presented by the Wise Men were only a few of the many tributes that were communicated to the Christ child in those lowly surroundings. To be sure they were most expensive and would have caught the eye of Herod himself, yet there were the simple gifts of adoration presented by the meek and humble shepherds. Certainly theirs were just as valuable and of equal importance in the sight of God. In both cases they were bestowing upon the new-born child their love and devotion.

While we celebrate this Christmas with the spirit of giving—and thanksgiving—we can well reflect upon the experiences had by these lowly shepherds before they hurried to the manger to view the Christ child. While watching their flocks on the lowly stretches of Judea, they were visited by an angel who said unto them, “Fear not: for, behold, I bring

By Selvoy J. Boyer

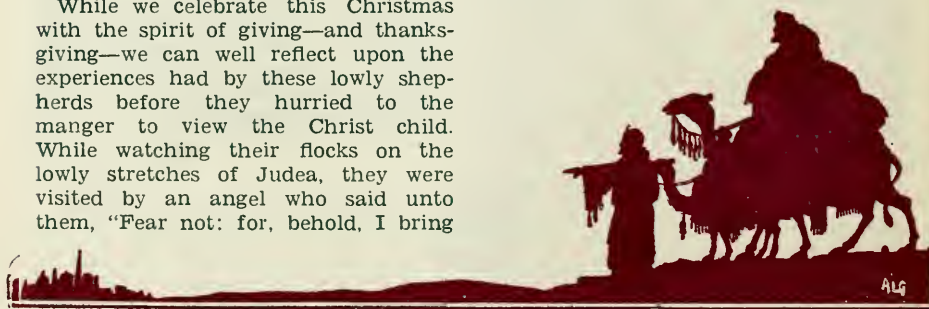
President of the British Mission

★

you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.” And hardly before the explanation of these tidings had been finished there appeared suddenly a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”

This wonderful declaration made by heavenly voices over two thousand years ago has been a source of inspiration to many millions, and still to others their words have carried little significance. If we can believe in this statement of peace and good will, we can rest assured that its fulfillment will occur only under one set of conditions: we must accept and abide by the instructions given to man from God.

Looking into the future and observing the conditions which confront the human family today, the road to “peace on earth” will not be easy. There are many man-made difficulties which lie in the way of a practical application of Christian principles. God’s commandments are His directive to the inhabitants of this earth. Sincere seekers for peace and good will upon



earth will keep their thoughts and deeds in tune with these commandments. All that stands between men and earthly peace today is their failure to adopt the commandments and teaching of Him that came to earth in the most humble circumstances and who was indeed the Messiah. By abiding His counsel the difficulties which confront each and every one of us day by day will melt away as the frost before the warm rays of the rising sun.

Be strong and of good courage, and in this Yuletide season make sure that the gifts that we give and send throughout the earth will be given to

lead our lives nearer to the practical faith in Jesus Christ. If we do this, so that each day and each act of our lives is influenced by this knowledge, there will be no need for fear of the future. It will direct us to less selfishness and will bring us joy unspeakable. The promise given to the shepherds will be fulfilled in our lives. Let us rekindle our faith in Christ, our Lord and our Redeemer, for by so doing we can be partakers of His blessing: "Peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you."

May the peace which God gave us before he went back to the Father be with you now and always.



I Heard The Bells On Christmas Day

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play;
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

I thought how as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along th' unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

And in despair I bowed my head,
There is no peace on earth, I said,
For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
God is not dead, and doth not sleep;
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail
With peace on earth, good will to men.

Till ringing, singing on its way
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a change sublime
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

A Gift for Her King

And it came to pass that . . . there was one Samuel, a Lamanite, came into the land of Zarahemla, and began to preach unto the people. And it came to pass that he did preach, many days, repentance unto the people, and they did cast him out, and he was about to return to his own land. (Helaman 13: 2)

ALTHOUGH it had been a brief meeting, Miriam never forgot Samuel or the words he spoke to her that evening on the hill overlooking Zarahemla. The day had been far too lovely for any thirteen year old girl to stay inside, so she had spent all the afternoon playing in the forest and on the hills near the city, and about dusk she began hurrying home. She had just run all the way up a hill and was standing on the top looking across the valley at Zarahemla, situated on a hill opposite her and painted gold by the evening sun, when she heard a sob—a great gasping cry—and then silence.

He was standing under a tree just a few feet from her, his broad shoulders slumped forward, and his face in his hands, evidently crying. At first Miriam's reaction was to hurry on because it was getting late, but as she started off again she remembered something she'd seen that morning as she left the city. A man, dressed as this one and obviously a Lamanite, had been standing on the city wall near the main gate, preaching to the people something about a Saviour or a Christ—she really hadn't paid much attention. She did notice, however, that some of the men began to throw stones at him, and she thought she heard someone mention arrows. She hadn't waited, the countryside was too inviting, but perhaps they'd hurt the man. Maybe he needed help.

She walked back to him, but he didn't seem aware that anyone was around, so she said, "Is there anything I can do?" There were big tears coursing

By Martin C. Halder

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down his dark cheeks. "Are you badly hurt?"

He wiped his face with the back of his hands, then looked at Miriam for the first time. "No, child. No."

"There's a stream nearby. I'll get you some water . . . if you need it."

He turned back towards the city, and resting his hand lightly on her shoulder, he asked, "Miriam, do you believe in Christ, the Son of God?"

His words startled her. How did he know her name? She was positive she hadn't told him.

"Believe in Him, child, and the Lord will bless you. Believe, for He comes soon into the world." It was almost a plea, yet in his warm, deep voice there was also the tone of a command.

"Who is this Christ?" Miriam asked. "I don't remember hearing of Him before. And who are you, and . . ." She had meant to ask him how he knew her name, but he began to speak before she could.

"My name is Samuel. I'm a servant of the Lord. I've been sent to warn the people of His coming."

"When?"

"In five years. You'll know of his birth because the night before He comes into the world there will be no darkness. The sun shall go down, but it will remain as if it were day, and there shall be two days and a night, but the night will not be darkened. And there shall be a new star in the heavens such as you've never seen before."

Miriam was silent for a moment. She was trying desperately to understand.

"Will He be a king, Samuel?"

Samuel smiled at the little girl standing by his side, looking into his face. He could see that she was a little confused. He tenderly cupped her face in his big hands.

"Yes, child, He will be a king, and rule in the hearts of men. He will give to all who believe in Him the greatest gift in the world—eternal life. Remember that, Miriam, and believe."

Samuel turned away and began to walk down the hill into the forest. Miriam stood for a minute thinking, then she called, "Samuel!"

He stopped and waited until she reached him.

"If He's going to give me such a great gift, shouldn't I give Him one too?" she asked.

"Yes, child, you should."

"But what?"

"You'll know when the time is right. It's a gift you must work for and prepare from this time until He comes. It's the most precious of gifts in the world—to Him."

He smiled and patted her shoulder. "You've cheered me up, Miriam. Don't be unhappy yourself. The Lord will bless you, child, beyond your greatest dream. He'll be with you always. You have nothing to worry about or fear."

Samuel's words pleased Miriam, and she asked, "Do you really feel better?"

"Yes, Miriam," Samuel replied. "The Lord has blessed me this day. He has shown me my work hasn't all been in vain."

Miriam watched him as he disappeared into the darkness of the forest. She never saw him again.

It wasn't until she was almost home that she realised she never did find out how he knew her name!

* * *

Now it came to pass that there was a day set apart by the unbelievers, that all those who believed in those traditions should be put to death except the sign should come to pass, which had been given by Samuel the prophet. (3 Nephi 1: 9)

MIRIAM turned wearily and looked at Zarahemla. It looked much the same as it had five years ago when on the very spot where she now stood she had first met Samuel, but then she had had no way of knowing that one day she would be running away from it in order to save her life—in order that her baby could be born in peace and safety.

One of the older women with her touched her arm, and silently Miriam turned and followed her down the path which led into the forest. She hoped they would not have to go far. She did not believe she could. Her child would be born soon. If only the sign had been given. Maybe she had misunderstood Samuel, but she was positive he had said, "Behold, five more years, and the Saviour shall come . . ." Five years. But the five years were nearly over . . .

Miriam stopped suddenly, and looked around her. Through the trees she could see an old shack on the hillside nearby. She turned to the woman by her side and pointed to it. She felt tired, afraid, and weary from their long walk, but she whispered merely, "My time has come."

* * *

And it came to pass that there was no darkness in all that night, but it was as light as though it was mid-day. And it came to pass that the sun did not rise in the morning again, according to its proper order; and they knew that it was the day that the Lord should be born, because of the sign which had been given. (3 Nephi 1: 19)

—continued on page 394



I Know Him Well

By Michael J. Bennett

I NEVER liked the fog! What's more, that night
Was worse than most. I pulled my muffler tight,
And started down the steps and up the street
As I had done for many years—alone—
But little did I know, that night I'd meet
A man whose worthless life would change my own.
A scrooge whose every thought was grasp and greed—
Whose thought was equalled only by his deed.

Christmas Eve, to me, meant nothing more
Than any other night, I'd seen those poor
And starving waifs who sang from door to door,
Their breath like steam . . . I'd seen it all before.

So when I passed a group along the way,
Whose voices joined to herald Christmas Day,
I smiled—but in sympathy, not bliss
For those poor lads—that it should come to this.
And then, unconsciously, I looked around
To find the author of the youthful sound;
But fog and night had aggregated so
That sight was nil. I heard it from below,
Above, from left and right, from front and back.
The fog, with stifling tentacles of black,
Determined as it was to hold me bound,
Was hiding my oppressors. And the sound
Of children's voices bouncing off the walls,
Re-echoed in a roar to build a chorus
Not unlike a thousand waterfalls
In deaf'ning magnitude. Until at length,
Surrounded by a legion armed with song,
Its message pounding—pounding—loud and long,
I gathered all my thoughts and waning strength,
And broke the spell; the bonds that held me fell,
And I was free . . .
I hurried on, not daring to delay.
The night was still, but thoughts began to play
Upon my fevered conscience; then He came . . .



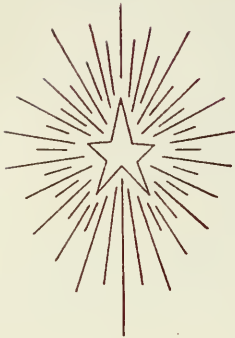
Slowly, walking through the fog, he neared
The spot where I had stopped as he appeared.
Each step he took (as if it were his last)
Was slower than the one before; and past
The halfway mark he stopped, and called . . . a pause . . .
I had no wish to find out who he was!
But just as I had turned to go, a sound
Of youthful voices started in to pound
Again upon the tender parts of thought.
The message of the Christmas song was not
To be denied that night . . . I tried and lost.
I turned and looked; and then I walked across
The dozen feet of earth that lay between
That man and me—that man I'd never seen.

I saw, (as I had never seen before)
With every fault and failing on display,
A man whose general appearance bore
The tell-tale marks of miserly decay.
A joyful Christmas Eve!—yet he was poor;
In poverty—yet rich in worldly gold.
Impossible, you say? I'm not so sure . . .
As poor in spirit as the Scrooge of old;
For Christmas marks the festive time of year
When faith and hope and charity appear
To captivate the changing hearts of men,
And bring them closer to their God again.
Who was that man I saw so clearly then,
Whose past was black, and yet, whose future state
Might easily be altered? Was it fate?
Or were angelic voices singing then,
In worship, "Peace on earth, good will toward men?"

Who was that man whose story I retell?
To me a stranger, yet I know him well . . .
He was myself . . .

... and laid him in a Manger:

... and Christ is Born



7 And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

8 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

9 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

10 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

11 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

12 And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

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13 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

14 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

15 And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

16 And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

17 And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

18 And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

(Luke 2: 7-18)



No Room at the Inn

By Homer J. Williams

No room that night was left at the Inn,
No place could be found for a stranger;
Two weary travellers who turned from its din
Found rest at last in a manger.

In the manger that night a baby was born
To those whom the Inn turned away,
And the Shepherds afar came there in the morn
Bringing gifts to the Saviour of men.

No room in the hearts of many today,
No place for His love will they make;
He knocks at the door, they turn Him away
And neglect Him for other guests' sake.

Other guests of ambition, of pleasure and pride,
Of selfishness and the getting of gold,
Forgetting the cross and the wound in His side,
And the nail-pierced hands they might hold.

Oh, Bethlehem Inn, full of music and light,
With your guests decked in brightest array,
Had you given them room, turned into the night,
Your fame had gone forth to this day.

Oh, soul, fling open your windows and door,
Let the Bethlehem Stranger come in,
For the baby 'twas born in the manger of yore,
Came from God to save you from sin.

Pattern for Joy

By Robert E. Riggs



HOW many of you have shared the joy of a little child's Christmas morning? Can you recall the eager, excited look upon his face as he rushed into the room where Santa had been a Christmas Eve visitor? Parents would not willingly miss the yearly sight. Even older brothers and sisters who have witnessed the scene once are not likely to be absent on succeeding occasions. The joy of the little one is so full that it overflows into the hearts of those who have reached an age where Santa's visit in itself has ceased to bring such a thrill as it did in their childhood.

One of the saddest phases of growing up is the seemingly inevitable loss of the ability to appreciate so fully many things that brought supreme pleasure in childhood. In fact, an adult very seldom recaptures, even momentarily, the unalloyed joy that he once experienced on such occasions as Christmas. Increased responsibility and contact with the competitive world cannot help but show up the disparity between reality and many of his childish illusions. The illusions must go, but unfortunately much of the capacity to enjoy what life may bring too often goes with them. Figuratively speaking, a child takes each successive bite of an apple with full confidence that the apple is good to the core. Not so with an adult. Although he enjoys the apple, the joy of munching it is moderated by the ever-present thought that the next bite may reveal half a worm protruding from the apple.

"Men are that they might have joy," is an often-quoted statement of the

ancient prophet Lehi. If that statement is true, as Latter-day Saints accept it to be, man's object in life is to continually increase, not decrease, his capacity for enjoyment. Furthermore, if the Lord has said through His servant that happiness for the individual is a goal in itself, He must have provided some way to reach it. He would not place us in a world where increased knowledge and experience inevitably brought lessened ability to experience joy, with resignation the only alternative to misery. Neither would He expect us to build a joyous life upon the unsteady foundation of childish illusions.

Such hopeful reasoning is borne out through observation. Although as a whole little children seem to be inherently happier than their elders, such a broad generalisation by no means holds true in all cases. Some fortunate men and women seem to have found a pattern for a truly happy life. Probably few are so fortunate as to find each day that passes more joyous than the last, but on the other hand few, if any, find the reverse to be true. The fact that there are numbers who have learned to be happy is encouraging. What they have done, others may also learn to do.

Let us analyse the qualities that such people possess. One characteristic attribute is the ability to get outside themselves. Consider the man who unreservedly enjoys watching a football match each week. He comes home from the Saturday afternoon game with the statement on his lips, "I say, that match today was topping!" Why did he enjoy it so? Because during the course of the afternoon he forgot about himself. He identified himself with the players on the field to make their thrills his thrills—and

he enjoyed it. Had he spent the afternoon thinking of how the intermittent showers were wetting him, how his jostling neighbours alternately poked him in the ribs and knocked his hat off, how cold his ears were, or how tired were his feet, the afternoon would have been far from enjoyable. Those things were forgotten as he projected his interest beyond his own personal well-being.

As a counterbalance to all the influences that oppose a man's efforts to find happiness, such momentary enjoyment as that of watching a football game may be inconsequential. Nevertheless, the man who has thus learned to get outside himself is in a better condition than the perpetual pessimist who sees nothing good in life.

However, there is another way of getting outside oneself which brings joy of nobler proportions and more lasting quality. That is selflessness expressed in willing service to others. It may be only the effort of a conscious smile; it may be the slight courtesy of opening a door; it may be the effort of hours spent working on a group project for community welfare; it may be effort directed in a thousand and more ways for the good of someone other than oneself. Whatever the service may be, if rendered in all sincerity and cheerfulness of heart it cannot fail to bring joy to the giver.

Yet, though readiness to serve opens up one excellent way to happiness, it is not sufficient by itself to bring that joy which is man's eternal goal. There are other qualities with which it must first be united—intelligent purposefulness and faith in life's ultimate possibilities of happiness for all men who are willing to receive it. The three go hand in hand. Lack of faith is futility; lack of purpose is aimlessness; lack of service is stagnation. Together they may prepare a man to make his life one of increased joy from day to day and from year to year.



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It is simple to speak of having a readiness to serve, an intelligent purposefulness and faith, but there are millions of people upon the earth who do not possess them. They have not gained a satisfying faith, a motivating purpose, and an incentive to serve others, and consequently they are not finding the true joy of living. From time to time their lives may be brightened by momentary pleasures, but when each passing glow of happiness has departed, life itself is still no more joyful to them than before. What they seek always seems to disappear before them like a mirage.

Paradoxical though the truth may seem, most people engaged in a fruitless search for happiness cannot find it because their hearts and minds are voluntarily closed to the one all-embracing answer to their dilemma. That answer is found in the simple words spoken two thousand years ago by a messenger sent from the presence of Him who holds the keys to all happiness for men: "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Those good tidings announced the birth of Jesus Christ whose teachings were to

—continued on page 396

The Way to Peace

By Wallace G. Bennett

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TODAY men cry "peace, peace, when there is no peace" as the prophet Jeremiah predicted. People throughout the globe yearn for peace with an aching longing in their hearts. Those who participated in or witnessed the effects of the recent holocaust known as World War II fear the possibility of another war more than other men. They wonder how any struggle could be more terrible than that which they so recently survived. They know that if peace is not preserved a future war might well destroy civilisation from the face of the earth. Men shudder when attempting to contemplate a war waged with atomic and bacteriological weapons, guided missiles and rockets.

Following President Harry Truman's announcement that Russia had the atomic bomb, "Time" magazine reported that the "Japanese had adopted a new catchword to replace banzai. It was 'peace.'"

The October report continued, "Peace was on every lip last week, repeated over and over like a mystic incantation whose simple reiteration could drive away the nightmare of war. There were songs about peace and a 'peace dance'. A patent medicine company put out a new sedative and proudly named it the Sleep of Peace. Prospective buyers could pick it up in a Peace drugstore and shuffle off to enjoy their rest on a Peace mattress. The first Japanese civilian train to boast an observation car was christened the Peace Special and the government tobacco monopoly hired a corps of flashily dressed 'peace girls' to boost the sales of its latest product, Peace Cigarettes."

Men long not only for peace among the nations, but for peace within themselves individually. The fear of war, the uncertainty of economic security, the breaking up of family

ties, and the very tempo of modern life are among the factors blocking a man in his search for peace within his own heart. The most popular books of late have tried to bring peace of mind to the readers. Dr. Frederic Wertham, in "The Saturday Review of Literature," criticised these books as going "a long way to help you to an escape from social responsibility."

In telling the story of the birth of Jesus Christ, Luke writes, "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men." Jesus gave the answer as to how men might achieve peace within themselves, and among the nations they populate.

He taught that peace and righteousness go together. Righteousness brings peace. Isaiah's declaration in the Old Testament that "The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever" is in harmony with the teachings of Jesus.

Jesus had high regard for the peacemakers. In His Sermon on the Mount



He announced that they would be called the children of God. Jesus knew that His disciples lived in a world where it was difficult for them to find peace within themselves. After promising that the Holy Ghost would come as a Comforter after He had left, He strengthened them by saying, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." (John 14: 27)

He further comforted His disciples by saying, "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." (John 16: 33)

The apostle Paul, who had given his all for Jesus Christ, knew that the peace of God "passeth all understanding." In writing to the Philippians he expressed his desire that God's peace "shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ." To the Romans he wrote, "let us therefore follow the things which make for peace."

The Book of Mormon is an additional witness of Jesus Christ, "the Prince of Peace." The title page notes the following as one of the purposes of the book: "And also to the convincing of the Jew and the Gentile that Jesus is the Christ, the eternal God, manifesting himself unto all nations . . ." The Book of Mormon is replete with examples of how righteousness brought peace and wickedness brought war and contention to the Nephite and Lamanite peoples. After Jesus appeared to the Nephites, the people lived righteously—and in peace—for over two hundred years.

In addition to the testimony of its prophets concerning Jesus Christ, the Book of Mormon has another underlying theme. It is a significant warning for this generation. At the beginning of Nephite history, Lehi told



his sons that the Lord had said to him: "Inasmuch as ye shall keep my commandments ye shall prosper in the land; but inasmuch as ye will not keep my commandments ye shall be cut off from my presence."

This injunction to obey the commandments of God and thereby prosper was repeated by succeeding prophets. When the people were righteous the Lord blessed them. If either the Lamanites or wicked factions of their own people destroyed the conditions of peace, the Lord blessed the Nephites in battle as long as they were righteous. Today the Nephite prophets, as well as those of the Jaredite nation, speak "from the dust" through the pages of the Book of Mormon warning this generation to live righteously and enjoy the blessings of peace and prosperity. These prophets tell us in unmistakable terms that if we disregard the principles of Christ's Gospel as completely as did the people they write about, our nations may be destroyed as were theirs.

Apostasy caused Christ's Gospel to be perverted following the death of

—continued on page 397



Christmas abroad

Brazil

THE 25th of December, Christmas in Brazil, is one of the paramount holidays of the year even though it comes in the middle of a tropical summer.

In the lighted windows of the houses one can see the familiar Christmas tree covered with varied decorations, crowded with gifts and invariably crowned with the star which directed the Magi in their journey towards the humble spot where Jesus the Christ was born.

On Christmas Eve Brazilian families congregate in their homes, enthusiastically embracing each other, wishing all a very happy and merry Christmas. Then, as the bells of the churches strike midnight, in a spontaneous and contagious show of enthusiasm, thousands of rockets flash across the sky, bombs burst deafeningly in the air, the sirens of the factories and the horns of the automobiles join together in a fantastic din while the church bells loudly call people to prayer and thanksgiving.

Instead of the traditional stocking of many countries, the children hopefully prepare a nest of grass under their beds with the expectancy that in the morning Santa Claus will have left them the reward for their good actions and obedience during the past year. Some take a long time to fall asleep, and the night seems as though it would never end, but finally they drift off into slumber to awake with shouts of glee at the presents received.

To those who come from the colder climates it seems strange to have Christmas in the middle of the summer. To them Christmas hardly seems Christmas without snow and sleigh bells. However, even though the climate may be different, even though many of the customs may differ from those of other countries, Christmas in Brazil is still the same festive occasion of family reunions, giving of gifts, exchanges of best wishes for the holiday season, and religious worship.

Finland

SINCE "Little Christmas," the fourth Sunday before the real Christmas, Matti had been waiting very anxiously for Christmas Eve, when Santa Claus would come. "Little Christmas" had been commemorated by Church services and parties that foreshadowed the greater event that was to follow. For the last four weeks people had been whispering, house cleaning and doing unusual things. With great expectations little Matti had been waiting for this day in the hopes of a new pair of skis.

On the afternoon of the 24th the family goes to the Finnish Sauna (steam bath) because they have to be clean for the familiar old man with the long white beard. Then everyone gathers around the dining room table for a feast that had taken three whole days to prepare. Little Matti can't eat anything, but mother insists, for the brownies might be peeping in the windows and they would tell "Joulupukki" (Santa Claus). After dinner the main Christmas food of rice

und the World



porridge is eaten as they look for the hidden almond nut. Someone knocks at the door! Sure enough it is Santa Claus, all dressed in warm furs from head to toe. Yes, Santa is just as good to little Matti as to anyone else. The older folks sing hymns and then watch the children play around the tree as the candles slowly burn away. The spirit of brotherly love and good will to all men is expressed in this wonderful atmosphere. Then until St. Stephen's Day, two weeks away, this spirit continues with church services and celebrations.

—By ALVIN S. ANDERSON

South Africa

CHRISTMAS! What a picture is conjures up in the mind—snow, holly-berries and fat, little robins. All very pretty and quite traditional. But Christmas in South Africa is quite another picture—bright sunshine, blue hydrangeas and picnics.

There are those who cling to tradition; and, in spite of the fact that the mercury is hovering between ninety-five and a hundred degrees, serve the hot dinner which is suitable to a northern clime—turkey, plum-pudding and all of the trimmings. All one can do after such a repast is hibernate for the rest of the day.

Tradition is not thrown overboard. The Christmas-tree holds place of honour in most homes. Red-robed, bewhiskered Santa Claus mops the perspiration from his brow, as he hands gifts to starry-eyed children.

Carol-singing remains a feature of the Yuletide festival. Families gather round the piano and join in the old favourites. Companies of coloured men, strumming stringed instruments, parade the streets in the early morning, exhorting "Christians Awake."

Most of the young people dance on Christmas Eve. The heat does not mar their enjoyment in the slightest.

Christmas Day is observed as a holy day. Special services are held in the early morning and the churches are full.

The typical South African Christmas is spent camping. On Christmas Eve, the family packs into the car, and away they go to a spot on the coast. Sleeping-bags are taken, but pillows are usually made of haversacks filled with grass. A bonfire is soon blazing and the family gather round and sing carols and Afrikaner "liedjies." At dawn, greetings and small gifts are exchanged. Should others be camping in the vicinity, a Christmas visit is paid.

Everybody bathes—or swims or just paddles. The blue sky above is as "Christmassy" as any South African could wish. Then comes the camp-dinner. Do you know that it is cold turkey, plum-pudding and all of the trimmings? Mother simply cannot be weaned from the old tradition. The afternoon is spent rather quietly. Father has brought the portable radio; and, together, the family listen to a broadcast of the King's message. That does seem to bring the people of all lands together in the spirit of goodwill and fellowship, which, after all, is the real spirit of Christmas.

—By BEATRICE E. SMITH

One Pair of Shoes

The Christmas Story Contest Winner

HE looked at the clock; the hour was nine-fifteen. It was a comparatively mild evening now that the rains had ceased, and it was Christmas Eve. He knew that his quarry would be turning the corner of East Street. He smiled. Soon he would be in possession of the shoes; he would get them tonight. The plan was laid. He had watched the man now for two weeks and his habits had not changed.

Apparently the contemplated deed had no effect upon his conscience. Nor did he seem worried about action his parole board might take. True, he had only been out of prison for three months after having been released for good behaviour. And it was also true that his sojourn in one of His Majesty's prisons had not been the first. But from the moment he saw those shoes he knew that he must get them.

He wasn't going to attack his victim. Everything was going to be done with the utmost finesse. He had a keen mind and his plan of action was flawless. He would greet the old man, wish him a happy Christmas, and then invite him in for a bite of supper which he had prepared beforehand. There wasn't much, but a pan of thick Scotch broth was simmering on the hob and there was plenty of bread.

The clock started to chime the half hour, his reminder that the man would be coming down his own street. He must go to the door and be in readiness for him. Yes, he could hear the footsteps now.

By Patricia Roache



Old Tom was breathless; he had been hurrying home from the Old Men's Domino Club. He hadn't enjoyed himself as much tonight as he usually did, for most of his friends were spending the evening with their wives and children. Quite a number of them were in the company of their grandchildren, too. Sometimes Old Tom felt a little bitter. He too had a wife, but he had left her in the tiny English churchyard in Kenya, and his grandchildren were all with their parents scattered around the globe. Still, he had a lot to be thankful for; he had memories that would be with him always. He smiled now as he thought of his loved ones. Young Timmy who would be thirteen years old tomorrow. He would soon be coming to England; for he was to attend Dartmouth College before becoming a naval man like his father. And sweet Jenny who never failed to write to him once a week from the hospital where she was Sister in charge. And the baby, young Pudding, whose scrawling letters always made him laugh until he cried. So engrossed was he in his thoughts that he was somewhat startled when a voice said, "Good evening, Grandpop."

He looked up without speaking, and saw that the man who greeted him was a pleasant-faced person about thirty



years of age. He returned the greeting; then something about the man's expression compelled him to stop. He felt that he must talk to him. The young man smiled. "Come and have a bite of something; you'll be a bit of company for me." Yes, Old Tom was right. This person was lonely. Hadn't he himself been lonely so many times that he could tell at a glance what was wrong?

As they went into the house Rodney felt an insane desire to laugh outright. It had been easier than he had dared to anticipate. Here was the owner of the shoes walking into his kitchen without the least persuasion. It was almost too good to be true. Quickly his mind formed another plan. To allay the old man's suspicions he would ask him to stay the night. He knew that he usually slept at the Old Men's hostel.

After a large basin of broth and a cup of steaming cocoa Old Tom began to feel drowsy. The meal had been good and the fire had warmed him through. After all the years he had spent in the tropics, he felt cold even in the mildest of winters in England.

"I say, Grandpop,—how about taking off your shoes and bedding down here for the night?" said Rodney.

"Aye, I think I will," replied Tom. "There's no one waiting up for me."

Rodney led the way upstairs and turned down the rather grubby blankets from the bed. The old man slowly undressed and was soon sound asleep. Rodney crept to his room about an hour later and took the shoes from under the bed. He smiled triumphantly, for his plan had gone according to his desires.

Christmas morning dawned, and Rodney was up and making breakfast when the old man came down in his stocking-feet. "Sleep well, Grandpop?" asked Rodney. "Aye, but I can't find my shoes," whimpered the old man. "They are under the sofa," said Rodney with a strange look.

The old man bent down and gathered up his possessions. As he did so, tears welled in his faded blue eyes, for the shoes which had badly needed a repair were beautifully mended and polished.



Contest Winners Announced

THE *Millennial Star* takes great pleasure in announcing the winners in the Christmas Story and Poem Contest. For the Story Contest, first place goes to **Patricia Roache** of Preston, second place to **Alice Kenworthy** of Bradford and third place to **D. M. Allison** of Barnsley.

For the Poem Contest there was a tie for first place between **Mrs. Marjorie H. Cuthbertson** of Sunderland and **Andrew F. Demaine** of London, while third place went to **S. W. Dyson** of Lowestoft. Prizes as indicated in the August issue of the *Star* will be sent to the winners.

Congratulations to these winners, and the sincere thanks of the *Millennial Star* go out to all those who accepted the invitation to enter in the contest. Manuscripts will be returned only upon request.

Seek Ye the Kingdom

AMONG us today are teachers of false philosophies and creeds who, in various walks of life, are seeking power. They claim security and benefits through their way of life. Very often this benefit is to come through the efforts of our neighbours and friends. Leaders of the Church and many other wise men have pointed out many times that if you accept needlessly from others what you can provide for yourself, you become a responsibility or what is called a dependent. As more people become dependent on others the standard of living falls and freedom and opportunity fade. We the people of this day and age, should learn now that it is through our own efforts that we gain that "joy" for which we were created. When we realise the joy of our own efforts well-done we can gain true satisfaction. Also we will have provided factors which will give us real security.

A knowledge and faith in Jesus Christ represents the greatest factor from which security and safety can be obtained. His words of counsel are just as necessary today as they were when He gave them. Take for example His counsel as recorded in St. Luke 12: 29-31: "And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind. For all these things do the nations of the world seek after: and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. But rather seek ye the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you." These are powerful and meaningful words. Some may say idealistic and not practical for this or any time. Let us see.

Inasmuch as Jesus is the cornerstone of "The Kingdom" which He asks us to seek, we can begin our search by applying certain principles He has given us. Jesus sacrificed His life for the sins of

By William Flint Dickson



all men. He was resurrected and thus opened the way for all men to a newness of life according to what they merit. Picking up the analogy here, we who would seek the "Kingdom of God" must first bring forth sacrifice and service to others as did the Master. We learn from Him that we cannot receive without giving. These words fell on the ears of His disciples as we read them from St. Luke 6: 38: "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

Every person who has achieved a degree of success and security has done so through the concern and supplying of needs to others. When we can begin to sacrifice things unselfishly to meet others' needs as a constant practice, we will become successful and find our own needs taking care of themselves. In other words, "It shall be measured to you again." This factor of sacrifice and service so simply and successfully demonstrated by the Saviour is for those who will put it to use. Many have tried and reaped the promise. Christianity itself is indebted to those valiant fishermen who believed that all would be added unto them if they sought God's Kingdom. Were it not for these chosen apostles and those who sought and accepted the Kingdom of God and followed the commandments, the gospel of life and salvation would have perished as rapidly as it was promulgated. The

great feat accomplished by the Pioneers in crossing the desert and mountains and taming a wild frontier is a modern example that those who seek the Kingdom of God will have all things.

In remembering Jesus Christ at this Christmas season let us seek His Kingdom and sacrifice and serve as He has shown in His life of love and good will as recorded on the pages of Holy Writ.



Masterpieces

We all paint our canvas of life
In different or various ways,
Some show the sunrise at morn,
Some, the sunset's rays.

Some show the sorrow of waiting,
The joy when the ship comes in,
Others the blackness of hatred,
And the deep infliction of sin.

Though some of our masterpieces
Do differ from some of the rest,
God will accept them gladly
If the painter has done his best.

—Author unknown



New Member of Mission Presidency Announced

PRESIDENT SELVOY J. BOYER of the British Mission recently announced the appointment of Elder Melvin Russell Ballard as first counsellor in the Mission Presidency to fill the position made vacant by the return home this month of Elder Leland W. Rawson.

Elder Ballard has served eighteen months in the mission field and for the past nine months has directed the missionary activities in the Nottingham District. Much can be said about the fine work which President Ballard has done in the district. During his administration there have been thirty-four baptisms.

President Alma Sonne of the European Mission set Elder Ballard apart as first counsellor in the Mission Presidency on November 12th.



All the family will enjoy looking at them, and they are a decoration in themselves.

CHRISTMAS time is family reunion time—a time when people want to be with those they love the most, enjoying the warmth of home and sweet companionship. Christmas should be home at its best, an event so satisfying that the memory of it lasts much longer than the food, and the spirit of it remains for weeks to come. Homemaker—you are the one to whom this challenge comes; you are the one who will make your **House** a **Home** this Christmas. Possibly a few of the following suggestions will aid you in planning your Yuletide season.

Your mantelpiece is the ideal place for depicting a Christmas scene—do make use of it. This can be accomplished easily with little expense, but more imagination. Use cotton-wool for snow sprinkled with a little Christmas frost. You might use sprigs of holly and a little Santa in a sleigh bought very cheaply at a notions counter. (You could even cut the sleigh out of cardboard and construct it yourself.) Or you might even attempt a Nativity scene using small figures bought also at a notions counter and clothed by you in suitable turbans and robes (with bright scraps from your rag bag). As an effective background above your scene, use dark blue cellophane paper against the wall with stars of all sizes placed here and there. Cut stars from cardboard, cover with paste, and sprinkle with Christmas frost. If a house enters into the scene you wish to depict, use one of the children's playhouses, placing inside it a small coloured light. It adds a delightful charm and reality to your work.

Do find a place to display the most beautiful Christmas cards you receive.

Small branches of holly or spruce and candles artistically arranged on a mantelpiece, buffet, sideboard, or as a centerpiece for your Christmas dinner table can do wonders in brightening the atmosphere. Another idea: Arrange on a mirror pieces of cotton-wool sprinkled with Christmas frost. It will give the effect of lakes in a snow-covered countryside. From this you could plan a variety of things—possibly small ice skaters could be your centre of attraction, or figures of deer or rabbits could be placed in the snow. Try taking a few Christmas tree balls and arranging them with your spruce branches and candles for a snappy centerpiece.

Remember to choose your decoration colours wisely, avoiding the use of too many.

Christmas Pudding, of course, is a big part of our planning. It is sometimes expensive to make, especially when your guests are many or when you plan to serve it often. So try the following recipe; it's less expensive, yet many people prefer it to a heavy Christmas pudding.

CARROT PUDDING

- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. grated raw carrots
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. grated raw potatoes
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. chopped suet
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. raisins
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants, dates, or nuts
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour
- 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in
2 tablespoons boiling water.
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon allspice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt



By Loraine Moss



Mix all ingredients together, adding soda dissolved in boiling water last. Steam three hours or more. Serve with your favourite sauce. More fruit may be added if desired.

Note: A novel and delightful way to serve a steamed pudding is this: Soak a lump of sugar in **pure** lemon extract or **pure** vanilla extract; place on top of pudding just before serving, and light with a match. Serve while flame is burning well. . . . It's a flaming pudding of the best sort.

Try the following sauce for your pudding:

LEMON SAUCE

4 ozs. sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. boiling water
1 oz. butter
1 oz. lemon juice
3 teaspoons cornflour
pinch of salt and nutmeg

Mix sugar and cornflour. Add water, stirring constantly. Boil five minutes. Remove from fire, add lemon juice, butter, and nutmeg. Serve hot.

Then for some of those dainty morsels to keep on hand or to use in filling Christmas stockings, try the following recipe:

DIVINITY

$1\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. syrup
few grains of salt
2 egg whites
1 teaspoon vanilla

Boil sugar, water, syrup, and salt together until a drop of the mixture will form a medium-hard ball when dropped into a cup of cold water. Beat egg whites until stiff; continue

beating while sugar mixture is poured slowly over the egg whites. Add vanilla. Beat until it will hold its shape when dropped from a spoon. Drop by spoonfuls on an oiled paper.

Variations:

1. Nuts may be added just before mixture becomes too stiff to beat. Or place a whole or a half nut on each piece.
2. Pit dates and stuff with the above mixture. Then press an almond or a half walnut into the divinity and roll date in powdered sugar.
3. Mould into varied shapes and cover with melted chocolate.
4. Divide into several parts and colour various shades with vegetable colouring. Substitute various flavourings for vanilla. Colouring may be partially stirred in, making a marbled effect.

Note: When the divinity mixture will hold its shape, you must be swift in moulding or dropping from a spoon, as it will soon set too hard to handle.

Best wishes to you in your planning for a very happy Christmas season. Each home will be celebrating Christmas a little differently; yet each home-maker will receive in payment for her efforts untold satisfaction for reward of a job well done.



The Children's Page

By Ida Dockli and Faye Clark

THE FRIENDLY BEASTS

Jesus, our brother, kind and good,
Born more humbly than rulers should;
The friendly beasts around Him stood,
Jesus, our brother, kind and good.

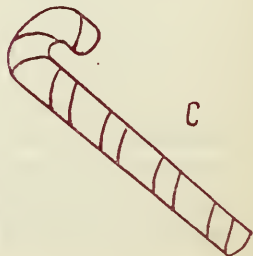
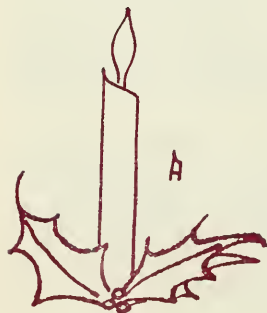
"I," said the donkey shaggy and brown,
"I carried His mother up hill and down.
I carried her safely to Bethlehem town;
I," said the donkey, shaggy and brown.

"I," said the cow all white and red,
"I gave Him my manger for His head.
I gave Him my hay to pillow His head;
I," said the cow all white and red.

"I," said the sheep with curly horn,
"I gave Him my wool for His blanket warm,
He wore my coat on Christmas morn;
I," said the sheep with curly horn.

"I," said the dove, from the rafters high,
"I cooed Him to sleep, my mate and I
With notes as soft as the Spring wind's sigh;
I," said the dove, from the rafters high.

And every beast, by some good spell,
In the stable dark was glad to tell
Of the gift he gave Immanuel,
The gift he gave Immanuel.



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DO YOU KNOW what your parents like best of all? Something you have made yourself. If you haven't made them a Christmas gift this year, there is still a way you can give something that is your own handiwork. You can design the paper in which you wrap their gifts.

Sketch Figure A, B or C slightly larger, on stiff cardboard. Then cut out the inside of the drawing carefully with a sharp knife or razor blade. Now, placing the stencil equal spaces apart on white tissue paper, outline with a pencil again and again until the sheet is completely designed, and colour.

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I wouldn't be at all surprised if your Mother could use a few more decorations for the Christmas tree. Gather

the following articles, and have a good time making some for her. You require a pencil, scissors, cotton wool, glue, brown chalk and paper clips.

First, make a large five-pointed star out of red construction paper. A few minutes' work with the wool, chalk and glue and—presto!—you have changed it into Santa Claus himself. (See Figure D.) The features are done with pencil; the belt, buttons and tips of the star are coloured brown with chalk; and Santa's beard, hair and tassel are of wool. Perched on any limb, or hung by a clip, he will add gaiety to your Christmas tree.

DOLLS IN HISTORY

EVERY CHRISTMAS brings thousands of dolls to happy little girls all over the world. And how *many* there are to choose from—rubber dolls so lifelike that you think you are holding a “cuddly” real baby in your arms, perky little girl dolls with wardrobes that include even a bathing suit and roller skates, and the pretty, perfect Story Book dolls.

And yet there was a time when there were no dolls—at least none to be sold in the stores. Of course, there probably never was a time when girls did not make their own dolls out of flowers using the bright petals for the skirts and the green leaves at the base of the flower for the bonnet. Surely, too, loving mothers sewed rag dollies for

their children or fathers carved them out of wood long before any were seen in store windows.

The dolls belonging to little maids of Colonial days were almost always made of “rag.” Some of these we still have today. They are very quaint ladies with their flat cloth faces and stiff arms and legs. Their features were either embroidered in black thread or stained with vegetable juices. Many of them boasted shiny black buttons for eyes, and their hair was made of yarn. But their dressés! Any little girl today would be very happy if she could give her favourite doll such a dainty flower-sprigged muslin gown and sunbonnet.

The first foreign dolls were called “Flanders Babies” because they came from Holland. Strangely enough, they were not made for the children but for their mothers instead. They were not to play with. These dolls were sent from place to place as models for dresses that someone hoped the mothers would buy.

There were wax dolls and china dolls in early days, too. But these dolls would break easily or might even melt if carried too close to the fire. They could be seen, but not touched.

So today's little girl is much happier with her doll, which can be bathed, dressed and undressed from one Christmas to the next, and still stay looking “good as new.”



It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when it's mighty founder was a child Himself.

—Charles Dickens

A GIFT FOR HER KING

—continued from page 375

MIRIAM'S son was born the next morning.

When she awoke from her exhausted sleep, the first person she saw was Nephi. He smiled his warm, tender smile and took her hand. "Miriam," he said, "the sign has been given. Your son was born the same day as the Son of God."

Then she became aware of the little body cradled in her arms . . .

She slept most of the day, dreaming of the five years since she had met Samuel. She dreamed of Nephi, the older, who had taught her the things of God from the old records he had; of Nephi, the son of Nephi, who now was their leader; of her young husband and the brief time they had together before his death; of Samuel and the gifts and blessings he had promised her, and had told her to prepare.

When she awoke, it was evening. The old shack in which she lay had only part of the roof remaining, and through one large gap she saw a star—brighter and more glorious than any she had ever seen before.

"I wonder who else is looking into the heavens and seeing that star?" she asked Nephi who sat by her bedside. Then she looked at her son. "I wonder if His mother could be happier than I?"

No one replied, but the old midwife shook her head sadly. The child would not cry. No matter what she did he remained silent—she was afraid he would always be silent.

"I've come to take you back to Zarahemla as soon as you can travel," Nephi said, but Miriam didn't hear him. She was looking at her son—a present from the Lord.

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And the people began to be distinguished by ranks, according to their riches and their chances for

learning; . . . some were lifted up in pride, and others were exceedingly humble; some did return railing for railing, while others would receive railing and persecution and all manner of afflictions, and would not turn and revile again, but were humble and penitent before God. (3 Nephi 6: 12-13)

MIRIAM called her son Abinadi after a great prophet she had read of in the records Nephi had. He grew strong and tall as the years passed, but he was always the object of scorn. People enjoyed teasing him laughing at him, and jeering at his attempts to reply to their remarks.

"You're one of the most blessed young men in the world, my son," Miriam told him one evening after he ran in from the street, trying desperately not to let his mockers know how much they hurt him. "The Lord has given you His Gospel. Those that laugh at you have so little; you have so much."

And when she saw his confusion and could read in his eyes the questions, "Why am I not able to speak? Why am I different?" she'd say, "We don't understand the ways of God."

Miriam sometimes wondered if she had failed God—if she was being punished through Abinadi for not doing as she should in preparing a gift for Him. But she had nothing to prepare. She possessed no silks, no gold, no priceless jewels. She and her son lived on the outskirts of the city in an old hut. What had she to give a king?

But whatever the reason was, Abinadi never spoke.

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DURING the years which followed, two things remained uppermost in the minds of Miriam and Abinadi: the eventual appearance of the Saviour to the righteous Nephites, and the gift they were to present to Him. They studied the Gospel every evening to-

gether, they listened to Nephi as he taught them, and they remembered the signs that Samuel had promised: no light upon the face of the land for three days, thunders, lightnings, earthquakes, tempests, destruction of great cities, and mountains laid low—valleys exalted. They looked forward to and believed in their fulfilment.

The necessity of presenting Christ with a present, Miriam also always remembered. She spoke of it constantly, and so deeply was it a part of her that it became a part of Abinadi also.

"Perhaps He'll forgive us," Miriam said one night, "if we do all we can to live the plan of life He has given us. Perhaps gifts won't be too necessary then."

And they did. For humbleness, devoutness, or faithfulness, no one could surpass them.

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And it came to pass . . . there arose a great storm, such an one as never had been known in all the land.
(3 Nephi 8: 5)

WHEN Abinadi was 33 years old, towards evening, as he returned home from his day's work, he noticed great black clouds gathering in the west toward the sea. Then the wind began to blow with such terrific force that it seemed as if the trees would be forced to bend right to the earth. Their branches, silhouetted against the sky, waved frantically like the arms of a person in distress. Just as he reached their hut, it began to thunder. The sky became alive with knives of lightning cutting across the blackness. And the wind continued to grow in intensity. Then a reddish glow appeared over the city. Women began running through the streets, holding their crying children close to them.

Zarahemla was on fire!

During the hours that followed, cities were burned, buried by landslides, or drowned in the sea, highways and smooth places were broken up, people were killed, and the earth groaned and twisted as if pleading for deliverance. Just as it seemed everything would be completely destroyed, the storm quieted and disappeared.

And there was darkness upon the face of the land.

★ ★ ★

And now it came to pass that there were a great multitude gathered together, of the people of Nephi, round about the temple which was in the land Bountiful; and they were marvelling and wondering one to another, and were showing one to another the great and marvellous change which had taken place.
(3 Nephi 11: 1)

MIRIAM and Abinadi stood on the outskirts of the crowd. Miriam saw Nephi in the distance talking to a group of people, explaining to them, she imagined, the meaning of the events that had happened. Finally they too would know the joy of having the truths she'd had since she met Samuel.

Then she heard a strange sound. It was a voice which seemed to come from heaven, not loud or harsh, but nevertheless it seemed to penetrate her to her very soul. But she didn't understand it. No one understood it. And the voice came a second time to the people who now stood in absolute silence, but again they could not understand it.

And the third time they understood it, and it said, "Behold my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, in whom I have glorified my name—hear ye him."

Miriam looked towards heaven from which the voice had come, and saw a man descending, clothed in a white robe, whose glory was beyond description,



and when He stood in their midst, He said, "Behold, I am Jesus Christ whom the prophets testified should come into the world."

★ ★ ★

THE day was drawing to a close before Christ prepared to leave. He had taught them for hours, yet the people weren't tired. They wanted to hear more and more of the truths that so few of them had heard before.

Then it happened.

Christ looked at Miriam and Abinadi, and in a voice which seemed to thunder in their ears said, "Abinadi, come hither."

Miriam felt his arm go from around her shoulders, and watched him as he walked through the crowd to where Jesus stood.

Christ put His hands on Abinadi's shoulders, looked at him, and said simply, "Feed my sheep."

It seemed to Miriam as if the whole world was suddenly as silent as Abinadi had always been. She watched him

as he turned around and faced the people who gathered around him. Miriam could see the fear in his eyes as he saw other groups, gathered around Nephi and the twelve Christ had previously chosen—each being taught the Gospel by those who knew it. He was expected to teach this one.

Miriam smiled at him, and he opened his mouth and began to speak to the crowd, slowly and hesitantly at first, but gradually all the words that had been pent up in him for so long began to flow forth, beautifully explaining and teaching the people the things he had known all his life but couldn't share until now.

Miriam looked at the Son of God. It seemed to her He smiled, and from somewhere within herself she knew the only gift her King wanted was a humble and contrite heart—a worthy servant through which he could accomplish His work.

She let the tears fall unchecked down her cheeks as she listened to her son's voice proclaim the work of the Lord.



PATTERN FOR JOY

—continued from page 381

give the most potent combination of faith, purpose, and incentive to serve that man could ever receive. Throughout the ages there has been nothing to equal the message of Jesus Christ in bringing joy to mankind. Today that message is still the only wholly successful guide to happiness.

Latter-day Saints, who have accepted the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ, have the pattern for true joy within their grasp. Their ears have been opened to the good tidings. To them life is not a treadmill on which they must walk until death ends their futile efforts. Life has purpose, and as they pursue that purpose, their faith in it

is enlightened faith. Because their journey leads upward, not downward, they must work and serve, but true joy is the reward of effort thus directed. While many others without the knowledge of the restored Gospel must grope for happiness with varying degrees of uncertainty, Latter-day Saints who exercise the knowledge given them can travel with certainty the course that will bring them increasing joy.

Men are that they might have joy, and to that end was the Gospel of Jesus Christ given them. Under the influence of its principles the joy of a little child's Christmas morning may come to be only a prelude to greater happiness as the years roll on into eternity.

THE WAY TO PEACE

—continued from page 383

His apostles. This apostasy made the restoration of the Gospel and the re-establishment of the Church of Jesus Christ necessary. This restoration was brought about through the instrumentality of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Shortly after re-establishing His Church, Jesus instructed the Church through Joseph Smith to “renounce war and proclaim peace, and seek diligently to turn the hearts of the children to their fathers, and the hearts of the fathers to the children: . . .” (D. and C. 98: 16) The programme of the Church is calculated to teach righteousness and peace to its members and to the nations of the earth.

The Gospel does not teach, however, that peace is more important than the preservation of freedom. Christ's atoning sacrifice assures all men of immortality. Nevertheless each man must earn his own salvation in the celestial kingdom to be eligible for the great gift of eternal life. Man is therefore accountable for acts done in the flesh. If a man is to be accountable, he must be free to choose his course.

It is the belief of the Church that no government can exist in peace except under just laws. History attests to the rupture of peace within those nations which tyrannised their own peoples.

Jesus knew that men would not always choose the righteous course that would preserve peace. His counsel and promise to Martin Harris, a modern disciple, is similar to that given to disciples of New Testament days: “Learn of me, and listen to my words; walk in the meekness of my Spirit, and you shall have peace in me.” (D. and C. 19: 23)

This promise is the answer to all who would find peace within themselves. A testimony that Jesus is the Christ brings peace to a man's heart. The writer heard a humble man in Turku, Finland, bear his testimony in this manner in 1947: “They ask me down at work, Why are you so happy lately?” I replied I have found the truth. I have joined the Church of Jesus Christ. I have a testimony that Jesus is the Christ, that He restored His Church through Joseph Smith. My life has new purpose, direction and meaning.” His testimony had brought him peace.

In His preface to the Doctrine and Covenants, the Lord revealed that “The hour is not yet, but is nigh at hand, when peace shall be taken from the earth, and the devil shall have power over his own dominion.” Men may find peace within their own hearts by living the Gospel of Jesus Christ. If the nations do not live righteously, they will “reap the whirlwind” which the Lord and His prophets have predicted would come. Righteousness brings peace—for men and nations.



Look for the New 1950 “Millennial Star”

COMMENCING with the January, 1950, issue, the *Millennial Star* will feature several changes. Of particular note will be a new face lifting. Leslie Cook has designed a new cover for the *Star*, now in its 110th year of publication. If you received a renewal notice this month, do not hesitate to send in your order so you will be sure to get a copy of this January issue. Tell your friends about this official publication for the Church in Great Britain.

British Mission



Arrivals

The following missionaries arrived in the British Isles on October 5th, 1949:

Name	Home	Assigned District
Elder James Byron Hill	Cove, Oregon	Irish
Elder John Reese Hunter	Los Angeles, California	Liverpool
Elder Ether W. A. Hunter	Bountiful, Utah	Newcastle
Elder James Hook	Salt Lake City, Utah	Leeds
Elder John Lorenzo Crockett	Salt Lake City, Utah	Irish
Elder Robert Louis Wolz	Rigby, Idaho	Bristol
Sister Eva Collard	Idaho Falls, Idaho	Bristol
Sister Enid Critchfield	Oakley, Idaho	Scottish
Elder Glen Wood Welling	Fielding, Utah	Sheffield
Sister Lois Iva Nielsen	Idaho Falls, Idaho	Norwich

The following missionaries arrived in the British Isles on October 27th, 1949:

Elder Robert Val Thurston	Provo, Utah	Sheffield
Elder Jesse Aubrey Knight	Salt Lake City, Utah	Sheffield



Releases

Elder Daniel C. Keller was released as a missionary to the British Mission on the 2nd of November. Elder Keller laboured in the Bristol District.

Elder Elmer M. Hogge was released as a missionary to the British Mission on the 23rd of November. Elder Hogge laboured in the Nottingham District and with the Millennial Chorus.



Transfers and Assignments

The following District transfers of missionaries have been made:

Name	From (District)	To (District)	Date
Elder Charles B. Sainsbury	Manchester	Bristol	October 7th
Sister Thelma Green	Norwich	London	October 7th
Elder David Simister	Newcastle	Leeds	October 10th
Elder George R. Parker	Leeds	Newcastle	October 10th
Elder Jerry D. Wells	Leeds	Manchester	October 10th
Elder Earl A. Grigor	Manchester	Scottish	October 16th
Elder Charles L. Welling	London	Welsh	November 15th

Sister Ida Mockli was appointed President of the British Mission Primaries on October 12th.

Baptisms, Births and Deaths

Hull District — The following were baptised at the Hull Chapel on November 5th: Philip Wm. Granville, Margaret Ann Granville and Janet B. Lloyd were baptised by Elder David Phelps and confirmed by Elders D. E. Hipwell, A. M. Swan and Edmund McClure, respectively.

The two children of Mr. and Mrs. Granville, Bonita and Lucette, were blessed by Elder Robert D. Parry and President Swan.

Leeds District — Death occurred to Mr. Jack Thompson, age 26, of Bradford, on October 13th. Elder Elton L. Harmon conducted the funeral services and the grave was dedicated by Elder Edward E. Edwards.

On October 29th a baptismal service was held in the Bradford Chapel. Ethel Alberta Nuttes and Doris Ada Riley were baptised by Elder Ralph McFarland and confirmed by Elders Marvin E. Preston and Edward E. Edwards, respectively. Lilian Florence Fawbert was baptised by Elder Grant Bethers and confirmed by District President William Earnshaw.

London District — On the 29th of October at the South London Chapel, Edna Smith of North London and

David Beckingham of South London were baptised by Branch President George Bickerstaff and confirmed by District President Quinn McKay and Elder Hugh S. West, respectively.

On October 2nd, Lynda Maxima Burnes was blessed by Elder Don M. Wheeler at the Oxford Branch.

Norwich District—On November 5th Olga Chapman and Brenda Billings were baptised and confirmed by District President Noble V. King. On November 6th Mrs. Mary Jane Wilson was baptised and confirmed by Elder Donald Kirkham and David Wilson was baptised and confirmed by Elder Boyd Harris.

Nottingham District — Vivian Poppy Stapleford, age 29, passed away on October 14th. Funeral services were held on October 18th under the direction of President M. Russ Ballard.

Sheffield District — Ann E. Axe and Elizabeth P. Norris of the Doncaster Branch were baptised on October 2nd in the Sheffield Chapel by Elder Gordon O. Condie and confirmed by Elder T. W. Brammer and District President David E. Gledhill, respectively.



. . . And it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge.

May that be truly said of us, and all of us!

And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless us, Every One!"

—From Dickens' Christmas Carol



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They Knew Him Not

By Mrs. Marjorie H. Cuthbertson

The little town was crowded, a multitude had come,
Gathering to Bethlehem, their old ancestral home;
Yet scarcely any saw the donkey plodding on behind,
Bearing the mother of Jesus, the Saviour of mankind.

A friendly lantern flickered from a crevice in a wall
And a stable was illumed revealing a manger small;
But ne'er a one did recognise—save Mary and Joseph then—
That in that humble manger, reposed the Redeemer of men.

A cobbled court resounded with the tramp of sandalled feet;
The censor had begun his task, e'er long 'twould be complete,
Yet little did he realise he would that day record
The noble name of One, who's justly called our Lord.

The tedious record seemed complete; the scribe laid down his quill,
And lolling back, reviewed his work at ease—until . . .
A shadow fell across the page, and slowly drawing nigh
Was a stalwart man in silhouette, against a morning sky.

"The child was born last night," he said, "I could not sooner come,"
The Roman queried, "At the Inn?"—"Nay, sir, there was no room;
A stable was our shelter, a manger His only bed,"
And Joseph paused . . . for he beheld the light round Jesus's head . . .

Then, "Jesus is the name, sir, by which he shall be known—
A Saviour of the people; an heir to royal throne";
The officer merely nodded, and simply did inscribe,
'Jesus, son of Joseph, born of Judah's tribe.'

Co-Winner of Christmas Poem Contest